

Giants Divide With Cubs Dodgers Lose Two to Reds—Yankees Beaten by Indians

Chicago Club Wins First Game of Season at the P. G.

Alexander the Great Has Close Call, but Manages to Emerge Triumphant by One-Run Margin; Jess Barnes Captures His Twentieth Victory of Year

By W. O. McGeehan

After losing one game to the Cubs by the score of 4 to 3 the Giants temporarily shook off the despondency and took the second game of the double-header at the Polo Grounds yesterday by the score of 5 to 1. Which seems to signify that the Giants this year will take second money and not so much of that, in the pennant race, as they have to do much better than break even to catch the rampaging Reds.

The first game resulted in the first Cub victory at the Polo Grounds this season. Grover Cleveland Alexander, the most expensive ex-soldier in the U. S. A., trimmed our boys, but he had Cub sympathizers pretty nervous in the eighth. Mr. Wrigley, who owns some of the Cubs, swallowed a wad of his own gum during that inning when Alex threatened to blow with a loud detonation. But the soupstone that supported an Enfield in France stood under the strain.

The second game made the twentieth victory for Jess Barnes, who is the first of the National League pitchers to get that many wins this year. Mr. Barnes had one very worrisome inning, when the Cubs slapped out three straight hits in a row, but they could not get drive enough to shoot one run across.

Senior Gonzales, the sad-faced Cuban, held down the first sack for the Giants in the first game. In the second half, Chase, who had been suffering for some time from a slap on the wrist, went back to work at the old corner.

Claude Hendrix stings, but—The Giants got their start in the second game through some flashy and aggressive base running which bewildered the Cubs. Claude Hendrix, who started to pitch for Mr. Wrigley's Wranglers, was stung by the hits, but when he was hit he was hit hard and at a time when a hit was of considerable benefit. Nick Carter dispensed the pills after the departure of Claude.

Far be it from me to mean while the Giants still have a mathematical chance, but on yesterday's showing the odds are going to go anywhere while this year. The lameness of Larry Doyle, the star on Chase's right, the pain in Fred Turner's pitted "tummy" and the last kick in the slats delivered to the team collectively by the Cincinnati Reds seem to have brought the Giants to that frame of mind where they are just playing out the schedule.

Grover Cleveland Alexander bombed out the first that has been keeping the Cubs from winning at the Polo Grounds. He took the first game of the day (and, incidentally, the first game for the Cubs at Cogan's Bluff) by a whisker.

The Giants came within one run of evening it up in the eighth, and Alexander celebrated soupstone started to creek, while his classic countenance betrayed signs of anxiety.

But in the ninth McGraw ran up the white flag by shutting in Undertaker Juan Dubuc, the funeral finisher of Alexander, and the previous inning to give Larry Doyle a time at bat.

Bad Day for Phil—Shuffling Phil Douglas was shuffled out in the sixth to make way for a pinch-hitter, the Tennessee Terror having gone rather poorly up to that time.

The Cubs got their start in the third inning when Fleck drew a base on balls and stole second when Snyder made a rather languid home. Hollocher, a twister between Frisch and Gonzales, who held down first in the opener.

Frisch and the Cuban held a debate as to which should tell the ball. The conversation Hollocher was safe and Fleck scored.

In the fourth the Cubs further embarrassed the pitcher. With one out, Mages singled to right, Merkle crashed a triple to center, scoring Mages. Barber lifted a single over first and Merkle scored.

Alexander brought what turned out to be the winning run across himself. With a couple of strikes called on Winter, Alexander pasted a single to center. Fleck singled to right, Hollocher rolled one down to Gonzales, who threw to Fletcher, forcing Fleck.

Fleck tried to return the pig to get Hollocher, but he threw the ball. The pitcher was safe and Alexander scored.

The remains of the Giants began to show a flicker in the seventh. Young rolled one to right, Hollocher held field foul line. Fletcher singled to center, Young halting at third. Zimmerman forced Fletcher and Young scored.

Alexander found himself considerably embarrassed in the eighth. Snyder started the trouble by driving a single to left. Larry Doyle came up to bat for Winter, and drew a base on balls. Fleck singled to right, Hollocher rolled one down to Gonzales, who threw to Fletcher, forcing Fleck.

Pen Young posted a two-bagger to left, forcing Snyder, who ran for Doyle. Heer Statz is no relation to Heer Zeitung, with whom he has been frequently associated in the public press.

There were no outs to date and it looked as though the Giants had a chance to come through. The Cubs moved and shot one right over the mound, but the pitcher promptly slashed out a two-bagger, scoring Burns and Young.

In the sixth inning a couple of bunched two-baggers made further trouble for Claude. Young got a base on balls and scored on a double by Zimmerman. Kauff hit a two-bagger to right and Zimmerman scored.

In the seventh the Cubs' half of the sixth Heinie Zimmerman came close to repeating the feat by that attracted considerable attention in a world's record when he chased Eddie Collins across the plate. It happened in this game, but the Cubs were dusted by

Mr. Coveleskie Back on Mound With Vengeance

Colonels' Boys Are Baffled by Their Old Jinx; Quinn Gets Pounding

CLEVELAND, Aug. 19.—The Yankees broke through the spell which Stanley Coveleskie had cast over them and fathomed his tricks the other day. But Stanley procured some more stuff, much more, wherever he gets it, and the mystery of his offerings is as deep to the New Yorkers as ever to-day. Any magician will run out of stock now and then, but a good one can always come back. Coveleskie was back to-day with a bagful of dope that had the visitors completely baffled. The Pale seemed to take great delight in trouncing them by a 5 to 1 score.

Meantime, while Coveleskie was entertaining his teammates with a hammering Jack Quinn hard and adding a victory to their list. Jack found the going awful rough out here to-day. He grew weary in the seventh inning and retired in favor of Ernie Shore.

Great doing here this afternoon. The Czar Ban was here. The Mayor and his rosters' club and a couple of bands paraded. Popular songs were sung and jubilation all over. Nobody saw the czar and Colonel Huston kiss each other, but all the other formalities went off per schedule. And to crown it all Tommy Connolly was presented with a gold medal by the American League, commemorating his twenty-fifth anniversary as an umpire.

And then the ball game began. And immediately the Yanks started the run-getting. Vick led off with a double. Fowler sacrificed. Coveleskie to Harris. Baker singled and Vick scored. But this run didn't amount to much. The Indians soon picked up the trail, and once on the path swept the opposition aside with a rush to victory.

The locals took the lead in the third and stayed there for the rest of the afternoon. O'Neill singled through the box. Coveleskie also singled, sending O'Neill to second. Granev sacrificed. Chapman tripled to right, scoring O'Neill and Coveleskie. Speaker fouled to Hamman.

The last two runs were made in the sixth period. Chapman singled to left and advanced to second on Speaker's off. Harris hit for two bases, scoring Chapman. Gardner fled. Bodie Wamby singled, scoring Harris, but was caught at second. Pipp was called out on strikes in the seventh and

rejection from the melee by Empire Hillbrand.

The score: NEW YORK (A. L.) CLEVELAND (A. L.)

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Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

By BRIGGS



White Sox Rally And Sweep Series With Athletics

The Sportlight by Grantland Rice

(Copyright, 1919, New York Tribune Inc.)

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—Chicago, after losing the lead, staged rallies in the seventh and eighth innings, overtook Philadelphia and won today, 8 to 7, making a clean sweep of the series.

The score: CHICAGO (A. L.) PHILADELPHIA (A. L.)

White Sox, 8; Athletics, 7. (Philadelphia's record, 10 wins, 10 losses, 1 tie.)

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There's a Macedonian clamor for assistance from the world Where the flags of revolution and of war are still unfurled; From the borders of Odessa all along the Shantung drift Where they need a wily leader who is in there with the lift— And they're after Pat Moran.

For they want that type of man, And the echo which they're raising now is stunning— "Since you lifted up the Reds From their ancient cellar beds Can't you come and put us back into the running?"

For four decades and longer they have seen the Redbirds fade; They have seen them at the jag end of the annual parade; But a certain leader set them once again upon their feet And no wonder battered Europe is now calling with a bleat— And they're after Pat Moran.

On from Moscow to Japan, And they're paying him from highway into alley, "Oh, if you can lift the Reds up, And make them keep their heads up, Why can't you come and start us on a rally?"

Six years ago McGraw had to have a pitcher to round out a winning season. He had a young infielder to trade, so he decided to slip the afore-said infielder to a ball club that would never be close enough to annoy him. Whereupon he sent Heinie Groh to Cincinnati in exchange for Art Fromme.

This part of it was all well enough. But five years later McGraw made the mistake of recommending Pat Moran to follow in the wake of Groh. The result has been far from pleasing.

The Western Cleanup The West will make a desperate effort to clean up all seven ways this season.

The land nearest the Setting Sun has become weary of Eastern cheering, and so 1919 finds her in the midst of her greatest drive.

For world series entries she has Cincinnati, Chicago and Detroit. For the Open Golf championship she already registers Walter Hagan, now of Detroit.

For the Amateur Golf title she has Evans, Gardner and others who have been the route.

For the Lawn Tennis championship next week she has Johnston, McLoughlin and a flock of Californians, who are well adjacent to the art of sniping a tennis ball in mid-air.

With all this talent at her disposal, no wonder the aroused West is getting ready to give the startled East the old guffaw, denoting the rise of the under dog.

The Climax The saddest words from tongue or pen— "I topped my drive and I took a ten."

"Why did McGraw," queries a fan, "ever trade or send Sallee to Cincinnati?" We have a faint, ingrowing idea that John J. is probably asking himself this selfsame query.

"Last summer," states a contemporary, "neither Sallee nor Cicotte was any good." And last summer the Germans were making threatening gestures in the direction of Paris. In the gap between two summers quite a number of things may take place that were not originally set down upon the roster.

So It Goes A long straight drive with a forward spin— A long straight iron to the waiting pin— An iron that clears all traps and ruts— Then you take three putts.

It's an "umbling game, as George Low said, You twist your hip or you lift your head; If it isn't one thing that brings a curse— It's something worse.

"Anyway," announces a Boston writer, "the Red Sox have never lost a world series." Neither have the Reds, Cardinals, Indians, Nationals nor Yanks.

A Southpaw Years to Know— Who was the first benighted boob That christened most lefthanders "Rube?"

A show that no pitcher would ever have liked; "Along Came Ruth."

Columbia Names Kirby as Member Of Athletic Body

President Nicholas Murray Butler has appointed Gustavus Town Kirby, an alumnus member of the Columbia University Athletic Committee, to succeed William B. Symes, Jr., whose term has expired. Mr. Symes served for two terms of three years each.

Mr. Kirby, who will serve until 1922, was graduated from the Columbia School of Mines in 1895 and from the Columbia Law School in 1898. He was president of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America in 1895, and has been chairman of the advisory committee of that association since 1896. He has been vice president of the American Olympic Committee since 1907. He is now a member of the American Committee of Honor at the Olympic Games in London in 1908, and in 1912 he represented the United States at the Olympic Games in Stockholm.

Mr. Kirby was a member of the '95 football team and of the varsity track and field team. He competed in the quarter-mile race in the intercollegiate track meet at Columbia in 1895, and in 1897. He won the quarter-mile race at the university games in the fall of 1896.

Win in Eleventh Gains Even Break for Braves

BOSTON, Aug. 19.—Boston and St. Louis split even today, the visitors winning the first game, 4 to 2, and losing the second, 2 to 1, in eleven innings.

Hornsbey was shifted to first base and played a good game. Cruise's single, Holke's sacrifice and Mann's double over the fence clinched the victory for the Braves.

The score: ST. LOUIS (A. L.) BOSTON (N. L.)

Braves, 2; Cardinals, 4. (St. Louis's record, 10 wins, 10 losses, 1 tie.)

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Ring Smothers Flatbush Nine, Winning, 1 to 0

Eller Also Twirls Well for Moran Who Scores Double Victory in Brooklyn

By Ray McCarthy

An impregnable defense. That tells the story of the Red's double victory over the Dodgers yesterday by scores of 1 to 0 and 6 to 1. It also is the reason why those peppy Wildmen are not being tamed. Splendid and expert backing of nifty pitching is a regular diet with the pacemakers.

Brooklyn never had a chance to break into the win column yesterday. No, that's wrong. They did have one. Very slight, but a chance at a gambling game, nevertheless. This lone possibility for run-getting came in the fourth inning of the first game. Oleno got a fluky hit moving along on a sacrifice by Griffith, went off third on Wheat's out to Groh and stayed there while Myers lofted to Roush.

The first run of the Ring was so good and his support was so tight that it was like hitting a stone wall for the locals to put over any runs. The Dodgers struggled for eighteen innings, but their results awaited them—nothing. The run came in the last period of the twilight issue, hardly to be counted, as Eller was taking things easy when six runs, the good.

Cedore and Ring had a brilliant duel in the opening set. Ring was never in trouble, largely because of his own effectiveness. Cedore was often in difficulties, chiefly through his own fault. But he also helped himself out of all the holes by turning single and a double when danger threatened. The Westerners hit, but they couldn't launch their blows until the seventh, when two hits gave them a run and the game. Larry Kopf singled and a base advanced on a neat sacrifice by Mages. Wingo's hit was dangerous in a pinch, but it was left alone the foul line for two bases, scoring Kopf.

The Reds got two more hits in the eighth, both doubles, but Daubert attempted to stretch his screamer into a triple and was thrown out. Groh's two-out hit was the result of a misjudged fly by Griffith.

Manager Robinson sent Mitchell to the mound in the second game. The Southpaw was pounded hard, whereas Eller had a rather easy afternoon of it. Eller kept up the work of Ring and smothered the attack of the home boys before it could even get started.

The second game was a rout, as across in the third the Reds drifted singled. Mages, by the way, did the same thing four times in succession in the closing battles. He was forced at the plate, and the home boys were left on base. The game was over.

The score: BROOKLYN (N. L.) CINCINNATI (A. L.)

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